

Wichita Daily Eagle

It is very difficult to convince children that a medicine is "nice to take"—this trouble is not experienced in administering



Scott's Emulsion
of Cod Liver Oil. It is almost as palatable as milk. No preparation so rapidly builds up good flesh, strength and nerve force. Mothers the world over rely upon it in all wasting diseases that children are heir to.

Prepared by Scott & Borne, N. Y. All druggists.

HOW TO GET RICH.

Economy and Labor Constitute the Only Royal Road to Wealth.

"It would be well for the young men of to-day to take my recipe for becoming prosperous," said a wealthy Bostonian the other day.

"I began life with the very bottom rung of the ladder, but with a determination that I would succeed if such a thing were possible with the talent that I possessed. Early in life I came to the conclusion that economy was the first great essential in establishing a fortune, and that labor was the second. I banished from my mind all other considerations when I began to work upon the road that I felt sure would lead to the goal of which I was in search. I remember very distinctly going down Marshall street one day and having my attention attracted by a most tempting display in a confectioner's window. I had what is known as a very sweet tooth, and I brought up standing before the sweet collection, as if suddenly arrested by some irresistible force. My hand immediately found its way to the pocket that carried my meager hoardings, and, before I really knew what I was doing, I had invested two cents in butterscotch. When I got back into the street I began to have a full realization of what I had done, and it is safe to say that no candy ever elicited a boy's mouth that was so little relished as was my butterscotch. I regretted that investment for years, and whenever the temptation again came upon me while passing the store I put it away instantly.

"Keeping close to this line of strict economy, I found myself at last in a position to go into business. Then, however, I commenced to feel that capital alone was powerless in the attainment of success unless it was seconded by untiring labor. Here also I met all the necessary requirements, frequently devoting twenty hours of the twenty-four to my business. Gradually I found that I was amassing a fortune, and finally I established the house which now bears my name. After I had accomplished what I started out to do there came over me an entire change. I had no aspirations to become abnormally wealthy. All that I wanted was a safe guarantee against possible disaster in the future. I devoted a portion of my time to the enjoyment of life, believing that I had earned my right to do so. No, sir; there is no use in filling a boy's head with all the new-fangled ideas of getting rich, as they are not practical. Economy and labor are the only elements that enter into the great plan of successful business life."—Boston Herald.

SWEET-TOOTHED RUFIANS.

Bloodthirsty Afghans Have an Unusually Sweet Tooth.

The Afghan has an extraordinarily sweet tooth, and it is most amusing to see these great hulking, shuffling fellows patronizing the sweetmeat shops. The Hindostani is a great consumer of sugar, and his tastes in this direction are the grossest. Their sweetmeats are simply lumps of unrefined sugar formed into fantastic images, or made to crudely resemble animals and human beings. The Mohammedan, however, through his hatred of idolatry, would not purchase a sweetmeat which bore likeness to living things nor would a Hindoo who had respect for his person be bold enough to offer an image to an Afghan. The deadly insult would be followed with the exclamation: "Hut! hut," "get hence," and a blow sufficiently powerful to fell an ox and kill a weakly Hindoo.

The picture that an Afghan presents with his hands and mouth full of sweetmeats as assuredly excites a smile as does the spectacle of two stout, untidy Frenchmen falling upon each other's necks and weeping and kissing an affectionate adieu.

You feel morally certain this huge, innocent-looking Afghan has remorselessly killed several of his friends, who have made themselves objectionable to him, and you are equally as certain that in the folds of his voluminous chaplain several deadly weapons are stowed away, while his loose, baggy trousers, tied fast at the ankles, also cover slaughtering steel.—Boston Globe.

Judging from the Family, Happy—My brother is a fool. Pennelope—I have never met him, but I can readily believe it.—Boston Globe.

WORTH A GUINEA

STOP THIEF.
Dropper is stealing the roses from many of the churches, and making many men's faces blank.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
Will cure the constipation, biliousness, indigestion, and all the troubles of the stomach, liver and bowels. It is a perfect and reliable remedy. Sold by all druggists.

WYLIE ADAMS.

The Impetuous Nature of a Child of the Woods.

"Ee—oh, ee—oh, ee—oh!"
What a sharp young voice it was; full of character and independence, and yet with undertones of undefined sweetness, evidently needing only cultivation to bring it into power.

The girl, for it was one, stood just on the bank of a clear, running stream, which might have been either a river or a creek—it was wide, limpid and deep.

She was tall and somewhat angular, a woman in height, but the short cotton frock and short red hair, and some thing in the way she stood, spoke at once of youthfulness, had not her voice been heard. She was in her eighteenth year.

With one long brown hand shading her eyes from the glaring autumn sun, she stood apparently awaiting some one.

All about her were the forest trees in their richest colorings, and the soft rustle of the leaves with the ripple of the water was all that was heard for a moment after the shrill echo of her voice died away; then the big black dog, lying at her bare feet growled and sprang quickly to his own.

"Comin' at last," the girl said in an undertone, as the dip of oars, at first faintly and then louder, fell upon her ears.

"You're never tardy," she continued with a slight sneer, as a small skiff containing one occupant, a young fellow of about twenty-three years of age, rounded the point.

He wore a suit of blue denim, a rimless straw hat, and his feet were also bare. He was dark almost to swarthy, and his black eyes gave a gleam of satisfaction for an instant, while the rich blood suffused his neck and face until it was fairly purple.

"I ain't late," he said slowly, while a wide sweep of the oars with his strong arms and brawny shoulders shot the little boat far upon the pebbly shore, like an arrow from a catapult.

"A real smart," the girl said, sententiously, giving the huge brute at her side several sharp cuffs on his ears to emphasize her words and give vent to her temper.

"I wouldn't kill the dog 'cause yer mad at me," he said.

"Kill nothin'," she ejaculated, sullenly. "What time 'ye reckon it is, Beechnut Lord?"

"Nigh onto six, I guess," he answered, quietly, stepping from the boat and drawing it still further on shore. "Um, um, it's after seven."

He fastened the little craft, and then as she started up the path he followed her at the heels of the dog, and in much the same dejected way, through the thick, winding interlacing of leaves and vines.

ried away and up the ladder to the loft she called her room; but she did not go to bed; she sat down on the floor by the tiny window, with a look on her face it had never known before, and watched the moon as it came slowly up through the trees and silvered the waters of the wide creek.

"I hate him," she murmured, and again that dry, choking sob. There was a glitter in her eyes that shone brightly under the radiance of the moon, and in her heart a sensation, born of woe, that this stranger was a usurper and had no right to this spot, these trees, this rippling water, this place that seemed to her had known her always, though the land was his before she was born.

All night long she sat until the day broke, then, with a pale face and weary eyes, she crept down the ladder, and motioning to "Nell," the dog, who lay at the foot of the bed where her parents slept, the two went softly out in the early autumn dawn and down to the old ford.

Her heart ached so she was nearly ill. Though scarcely four o'clock, Beechnut Lord, her companion of the night previous, was before her and unfastening his boat.

"You here?" she spoke almost fiercely.

"Yes," he answered, humbly, not expressing the surprise he felt at meeting her there at that early hour, nor making any explanation as to his own conduct, while the dull red crept up to the roots of his black hair.

"What you 'ollerin' me for?" she asked sullenly.

Then he did look surprised, for to him it had seemed just the other way; and when he first caught a glimpse of her dress through the trees, his heart gave a sudden bound, and, for an instant only, he flattered himself she came because he was there; but it was only for an instant. He made no reply as he pushed the boat into the water and threw the chain in, preparing to follow.

"Yore allus in my way," she said roughly.

He looked up quickly.

"Am I?" deeply.

"Yas, allus an' allus. I wish you'd go away so fur 't I'd never see you ag'in."

She sat down and buried her face in her hands.

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his eyes, and he regarded the girl curiously.

As day after day passed by, Wylie's repugnance to him grew less, until she began to long for his presence. His very indifference drew her towards him. She began to do many little favors for him, which he seemed to take as a matter of course.

For a child, she did not consider wealth, education, station or power as anything to be wished for, or as a barrier between herself and anything that she desired. She frequently gathered fresh flowers and placed them in his room, but he always gave her mother the thanks for being so kind, and said nothing to her. Strange to say, she did not feel piqued—her heart sank and a great loneliness stole over her.

Child-like and ignorant, and wholly innocent of any wrong, she began dogging his footsteps, and lying in wait for him to come only that she might be near him. If he noticed it, he did not appear to at first, but he began to frown at her finally, and then the hot tears sprang to her eyes and she hid in the bushes, and watched him from her little window in the loft, fairly devouring him with her gaze.

Matters continued in this way for some time, Mr. Anson not being able to get away as soon as he expected.

Wylie began to droop, and grow pale and spiritless, and yet in all this time she had never once given Beechnut Lord one thought.

"What's become of Beechnut?" her mother asked her, and she answered: "I dunno ner don't keer."

"Wall, thet's singler," Mrs. Adams replied, "you really don't know?"

"No," sharply.

The mother said nothing further; but she sighed, and noticed that evening, for the first time, how gladly and eagerly Wylie waited upon Mr. Anson, and how the red blood rushed to her cheeks.

When Howard Anson announced that he would leave Silver creek the next morning and could not tell when he would return, Wylie's heart beat so tumultuously she thought she would faint. He did not go until the next afternoon, however, just before dusk; and when he had hidden Mr. and Mrs. Adams good-by, Wylie was not there, but waiting for him outside; and when he passed where she stood hidden, she stole after him as he strode down towards the old ford through the now almost leafless trees, many of which had been cut down, and lay in huge piles about, and catching up with him, touched him lightly upon the hand.

He turned with a violent start.

"Mr.—Mr.—Anson," she stammered. Poor child, she was very innocent of the world's ways, and much to be pitied.

THE JONES FAMILY.

Mr. Jones, as Mrs. Jones a Lesson in Style.

"Maria," said Mr. Jones, as his wife came in with her street suit on. "I wonder at you wearing a train to your dress. Seems to me you used to have more sense."

"I ain't my fault, Jephtha," said Mrs. Jones in a discouraged way. "Goodness knows I don't want to go about dragging the hem of my best gown in the mud. It's the dressmaker's fault. She would have it so."

"I'll like to see that dressmaker. I'd give her a piece of my mind. What right has she to dictate what you should or should not wear?"

"Oh, she said it would ruin her business to make a short dress when trains were worn. She wanted it ever so much longer, but I insisted on a moderate length. You don't know anything about the trial a woman has to get a dress made in the way she wants it done," said Mrs. Jones, breathlessly.

"That's where you're weak. I'd smile to see a man giving up that way to his tailor," said Mr. Jones. "I just would. I've ordered a coat made to suit me. Keep your eyes peeled, Maria, and see if my tailor puts in any frills or furbelows I didn't order. I think I see him."

It was Sunday morning when Mr. Jones received his new coat much to his chagrin, as he had spent all Saturday evening lying in wait for it at the front door. He got into it in a hurry, for he wanted to wear it to church.

"How does it fit?" he said anxiously, as he struggled into it.

"Well, I should say, 'through lost to sight, to memory dear.' Why that collar is above your ears, and the cuffs are over your hands. Jephtha, that coat was never made for you."

"Wasn't it?" snarled Mr. Jones; "perhaps you'd like to wear it yourself, Mrs. Jones? What's the matter with this coat?" asked Jones, defiantly, as he seized his tall hat and placed it on his head. But that coat collar rose up and floored the hat, and Mr. Jones said a word that had several consonants in it, and Mrs. Jones laughed till she cried.

"Nice conduct for Sunday morning," sneered Jones, rolling his coat collar down and his sleeves up in a pugilistic way; "if you think this coat is a misfit, you're mistaken, that's all."

"I suppose it's the fashion to have coat sleeves trail," remarked Mrs. Jones, as she stuffed her handkerchief into her mouth to keep from laughing.

"Oh, you think you're smart," said Jones, in a rage. Then he took the coat off and kicked it into the closet. The next morning he interviewed his tailor, and the costs in the assault and battery case which followed were kept Maria in pin-money for a year. But Mr. Jones says no tailor can monkey with his clothes and live to brag of it.—Detroit Free Press.

A LITTLE TOO STEEP.

His Great Air was Larger than His Pocketbook.

Postage Stamps for Russia.
Americans who chance to receive letters from Russia are usually surprised to find the foreign postage stamp on their envelope used as a seal—affixed, that is to say, to the center of the side opposite to that on which the address is written. Sometimes Russians settling in the United States continue the practice acquired at home, much, of course, to the annoyance of United States post office officials. A case of this kind occurred recently in New York state, but it was explained quite inadequately by a writer in "The World," who alleged that the colonists sealed their letters with the postage stamps because communications from the United States were usually opened in the Russian post offices before being delivered. As a matter of fact, the habit is diffused all through Russia, and simply means that distrust of the imperial post office in that country is widespread.—Free Russia.

Encouragement.
"I suppose you know," said the indulgent parent to the anxious suitor, "that my daughter has been reared in the lap of luxury?"

"Yes, sir, I know that. Still, I am glad you mentioned it, for it convinces me that you realize the importance of making us a liberal allowance to live upon."—Detroit Free Press.

HEED THE WARNING.

Which nature is constantly giving in the shape of boils, pimples, eruptions, etc. These show that the blood is contaminated, and some assistance must be given to remove the trouble. It is the remedy to force out these poisons, and enable you to

GET WELL.

"I have had for years a humor in my blood, which made me dread to shave, as small boils would break out, thus causing the shaver to be a great annoyance. After taking three bottles of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, my face is clear and smooth as a baby's, and I feel like running a foot all from the use of S. S. S."

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Treatise on blood and skin diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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Our PREPARED REMEDY cure every ailment. It is the only medicine that cures all diseases. It is the only medicine that cures all diseases. It is the only medicine that cures all diseases.

Complete Manhood
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A medical work that tells the causes, describes the effects, points the remedy. Scientifically and practically the most valuable, and the most beautiful medical book ever published. It is a complete guide to the man who wishes to attain complete manhood. It is the only book that tells the causes, describes the effects, points the remedy. It is the only book that tells the causes, describes the effects, points the remedy.

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Requires ten plain wash-drums, soap, and water. It is the only medicine that cures all diseases. It is the only medicine that cures all diseases. It is the only medicine that cures all diseases.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.
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W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.00 SHOE.
A sewed shoe that will not rip; Call, seamless, smooth inside, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Every style. Equals custom made shoes costing from \$5 to \$10.

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John Davidson, Polmer Lumberman of Sedgwick County.
ESTABLISHED IN 1870

Tut's Tiny Pills
Tut's Tiny Pills act as kindly on the child, the delicate female, or infirm old age as upon the vigorous man.
Give tone and strength to the weak stomach, bowels, kidneys and bladder.

EQUILIBRIUM AND THE EAR.
The Connection Between Them is Shown in Experiments with Sharks.
Sharks have lately been affording contributions to science. The biologists have been vivisectioning them for the purpose of finding out about the functions of the ear, which in fishes is made to some extent on the same pattern as in man. The fact has been known for some time that the ear is not merely an organ of hearing. It has to do with the sense of equilibrium. Light has been thrown on this matter by removing portions of the auditory apparatus of sharks, which are thus rendered unable to maintain their balance in the water.

The part on which this faculty seems to depend is the "labyrinth," and the same effect is produced by cutting the nerves communicating with it. Science is paying much attention now to the observation of marine forms, because the animals that dwell in the ocean are the oldest in existence. According to the theory of evolution, human beings, as well as all other land animals, are descended from them.

It is difficult to realize that our ancestors in the distant past lived under water and that they made their first vertebrate appearance as sea worms, but the scientific men insist that such is the fact. Sharks are selected for certain experiments because they are the most ancient of all surviving types of fishes.—Philadelphia Press.

A Double Pleasure.
"Curious thing about Grabard, the miser."
"What is it?"
"He never drinks except when he is going to court his money."
"What does he do that for?"
"He sees double then."—N. Y. Press

THE MAKERS OF BOOKS.
GLADSTONE has decided to appoint no successor to the late post-lord-lord-lord. PARKMAN, the historian, is said to be the handsomest literary man in Boston. MARK TWAIN'S funny stories have only recently begun to be appreciated in Italy.

MR. SWETTER has written a long poem on Grace Darling. His early life was passed in the locality which was the scene of her heroism, and he knew her father.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.
M. W. LEVY, Prop.
A. W. OLIVER, V. Pres

STATEMENT
Of the Condition of the
Wichita National Bank
Made to the Comptroller of Currency at the Close of Business, Sept 30th, 1892.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts	\$609,032.59
Bonds and Stocks	36,532.22
U. S. Bonds	50,000.00
Real Estate	65,000.00
Due from U. S.	2,250.00
Overdrafts	3,241.55
Cash and Exchange	231,297.60
	\$997,353.96
LIABILITIES.	
Capital	\$250,000.00
Surplus	50,000.00
Undivided Profits	2,351.19
Circulation	45,000.00
Deposits	649,972.77
	\$997,353.96

Correct, C. A. WALKER Cashier.

State National Bank
OF WICHITA, KAN.
CAPITAL \$100,000
SURPLUS 100,000

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